"Some from Metz, but most from Paris and Berlin."
"Have you served long in this district, post-

Have you served long in this district, best man?"

"Ever since the war."

"A lifetime! And not a Postmaster yet?"

"Hs, hs. Postmaster? That's good. Who am I to be made a Postmaster? Not that I am unable for the work, but I have no influence."

Folliet bent his piercing eyes upon the intelligent face that smiled so broadly at the preposterous suggestion.

"Listen, postman," said the prefect of police.
"Answer me fully and carefully and you become a Postmaster within a week. Take this as an earnest of my words. Men do not give away 100-franc notes for a jest."

The simple-minded villager gazed with wonder upon the crumpled piece of paper in his hand.

"Your name, postman."
"François Noir."
"François, that Post Office of yours is built.

HOW A CHINAMAN FISHES.

Trains Cormorants and Makes Suckers Do

From the Washington Star

"Speaking of the natural instinct and extent

o which the faculties of birds may be devel-

oped," said an old bird trainer to the writer re-

cently, "perhaps one of the most interesting

examples of this is the way the cormorant is

trained by the Chinaman to catch fish. The

cormorant is a very intelligent bird and is easily domesticated. They readily lay when

captured and their eggs are hatched out by

chickens. When a Chinese fisherman has

half a dozen or more of these birds he begins

while they are still young to teach them to

obey his commands and to come to him when

they are called. He next allows them their

freedom in the water, where they soon develop

their natural inclination to dive in search of

which they catch, a metal ring is fastened

snugly around their necks and this prevents

UMBRELLAS OF TO-DAY.

Now Made of Mixed Fabrics.

Formerly umbrellas were made of either

of cotton and silk. The mixtures are made in

combinations of the materials. Some are half cotton and half silk, and some contain as little

look better. Those made of the finer qualities of the mixtures may very easily be mistaken for

ilk. Of all the umbrellas produced in this country

## By LOUIS TRACY.

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With the editions of the morning papers came dramatic news from an unexpected quarter. Since the outbreak of the war the French and German fleets had been chasing

each other over the face of the waters.

The authorities in Berlin issued stringent orders to their Admirals to adopt every device to avoid fighting the French. Their supreme efforts must be devoted to harrying the commerce of France and damaging her colonial

Disastrous blows were struck in this fashjon, and the French sailors raged in a fury of disappointment when they failed time after time to bring their enemy to close quarters. In one locality only were they assured of

safety for liners and merchantmen. The few German cruisers in the Mediterranean were quickly chased out of it. At last the Ministry of Marine in Paris determined to North Sea and the Baltic with the whole of their available force, and with this object a grand concentration was ordered at

This was the move that Germany had been waiting for. It was to tempt France into some such exploit that her warships were ostentatiously withdrawn to the neighborhood

of Kiel and Bremerhaven.

The Kaiser counted on the strength of his shore defences to safeguard his coasts. On the day that the French fleet, a superb army of fighting material, stood out into the English channel and headed for the Straits of Dover, every fast cruiser in the German Navy disappeared from the Baltic and North Seas and they were sighted by English fishing boats apparently making for Iceland.

The French attributed this move to fear: in Whitehall, where naval matters were more elearly understood, its object was read and prepared for.

Definite orders were sent to the Admiral commanding the British Mediterranean fleet with the result that the vessels stationed at Gibraltar and those gathered near Malta suddenly sailed with sealed orders.

Thus, when it came to pass that when the

lost German squadron, after sailing round by the Hebrides and down the north Atlantic. suddenly swooped like birds of prey upon the Sahara Canal works at Boca Grande and Gabes, the two sections found an overpowering Britishaforce calmly awaiting them. Protestation was useless, bluster merely

evoked a comparison of the relative weights of ships and guns. The British commanders pointed out that

England was greatly interested in the Sa-hara. She would no sooner permit the destruction of the irrigation methods adopted by Vansittart than witness unmoved the blowing up of the Suez Capal. She simply forbade any attack. German ships met French ships, let them pur-

sue the quarrel by all means, but in the case

of a great colony where British capital was largely invested, it was a matter of "hands The alternative was sail or sink. To the intense grief of every man on board the British

ships, the discomfited raiders chose the safer For once France was grateful. Not even Wilhelm dared to dream of engag-

ing both France and England in war at the same time. If these two led the concert of Europe, all others must pipe their tune.

## CHAPTER XVII. WITH THE POREIGN LEGION.

The Kaiser awaited the French attack at

Gravelotte. The centre of his great army lay across the main road to Metz. Its southern wing filled the defiles that debouch on the village of Mars la Tour, and Kreuznach's force was strongly posted on the famous ridge between Gravelotte and Conflans.

Each hour of delay on the part of the French meant a vastly increased degree of efficiency for the Germans. The splendid organization of the invaders was most valuable in precisely such a situation as that which now pre-With n tack on the lines of communication, the magnificent German organization progressed each moment with the accuracy of a wellregulated clock. Reserve troots and supplies constantly reached the localities where they were most needed; there was neither hesitancy nor doubt, naught but decision and certainty. The contrast between the two armies was never so marked as at this moment when they were inactive on the field,

True, Vansittart's reforming hand had achieved much already. It was a bold thing to suddenly remodel the whole system of commissariat and ammunition transport almost under the eyes of the enemy. Few men would dare to undertake such a responsibility. But Jerome dared do anything, and in the result he was justified. A complicated and utterly in-efficient method was replaced by one that already gave satisfaction and would surely work with remarkable case when officers and men

were thoroughly accustomed to it.

The commanding officer of each regiment was made responsible for his own commissariat and transport; the General of each brigade was responsible for the feeding of the regiments; officers of divisional rank were re-

regiments; officers of divisional rank were responsible for the procuring of stores in bulk and their proper distribution.

Yet the advantage in time lay with the Germans and the dominant intellects of the two armies well knew it.

The millionaire did not shirk the issue. William II. must be attacked again and soundly beaten. His strong position must be forced, his north and south army corps driven off into the interior and his main body compelled to fall back upon the protection of Metz.

This was the problem set before the Council of War that met in the chateau at Troyon on the second evening after the flerce combat that lodged the French on the right bank of the Meuse.

of War that met in the chateau at Troyon on the second evening after the fleree combat that lodged the French on the right bank of the Second evening after the fleree combat that lodged the French on the right bank of the Meuse.

The American proceeded to explain his theory in detail. There would be no hurry and no confusion. The battle would not commence until after breakfast, and if things eventuated as he desired it would not assume serious proportions until noon.

At first barely a tenth of the French forces would be engaged, and the whole plan of attack depended upon the weather. It was their first duty to see that each soldier under their control was made fully cognizant of the nature and method of the work intrusted to him. But the millionairs, with his acute knowledge of men and their controlling impulses, was convinced that the Emperor William would insensibly follow the tacties which brought such conspicuous success to his grandfather and von Moltke.

In other words, if tempted sufficiently, he would throw forward his troops to attack the French, instead of holding the impregnable position he now occupied.

This shrewd empire builder believed more in human nature than in tactics. How far he was justified in his confidence the impending battle would reveal.

At 8 oclock on the morning of June 18 the forcesn legion of the French Army quitted the village of Fresnes to a lively accompaniment of bugles and drums.

This crack brigade, 8,000 strong, is the last representative in European armies of the mercenaries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Hope and fear have long deserted each man in that contingent. To forget the past and to die fighting is his creed. He is an outoast of society. In the ranks of the foreign legion are to be found Englishmen. Americans, Italians, Spaniards, Danes, Russians, men from the upper walks of life by reason of folly or misfortune.

But they can fight.

It was no faint-hearted mob of criminals that Gen. Beaumarchais led so confidently along the high road to Mars la Tou

They were followed, in quick succession, by three brigades of infantry. Once clear of premes the music stopped and the leading terms of the stopped and the leading terms of the stopped stopped and the stopped stopp

ing the fields on both sides of the road for a considerable distance.

The small baniet of Horville was held by a strong German nicket, which the French drove off with small beset, which the French drove of numerous small bodies of cavairy demonstrated to fleatumerchais that his further progress would seen be seriously disputed.

He forthwith adopted the specific method of fighting recommended by Vansiturat and practically throw the whole of the foreign legion into extended order. The movement "yok some time to execute, as the front thus covered was of tremendous extent, embrasing, from flank to flank, fully two miles. Beaumarchais or the method of the foreign legion into extended order. The movement wasting a shot which had not a target selected by the section commander, it was, it must on no account retire or incline right of left. Taking every advantage of cover, and never wasting a shot which had not a target selected by the section commander, it was, it must on no account retire or incline right to the mount of the mount of the mount of the country was suffering severely during an orderly retreat. Sullenly, desperately, steadily, the Frenchmen retired before the crushing onsianght of the Hanoverians, now strongly reinforced.

At last the cheek came. The French gan and itre long-range volters are every visible body of the ensury in the direct front. When the German massed batteries were sighted the skirmishers were advised to gain the best sheiter obtainable within 1.500 to 2.000 yards and then settle down to deliberate wolley firing at the guns.

In a phrase the opening stage of the batteries were sighted the skirmishers were advised to gain artillerists. First bundred moders.

Second the infant to inspect that from the legral to be struggled.

The enemand of the went of the same will over-power him. He will see be stoft the stru

vin?
Beautiful positions had been selected by the

Beautiful positions had been selected by the Prussian artillerists. Five hundred modern guns of the latest type and flattest trajectory were so disposed as to make a holocaust of any army corris that strove to force a passage along the Metz road.

The Kaiser's staff relied on the machine. Vansittart relied on the man who directed the machine. machine.
At 10 o'clock the heavy staccato notes of the

At 10 c'clock the heavy staccato notes of the field ordinance mingled with the incessant crack of the rifte fire, and Beaumarchais at once strengthened his irregular but unbroken fighting line by the extension of another brigade. The commander of a third brigade reselved orders to lodge his men in half battalions at various points in the rear of the extended troops, leaving to the discretion of the Colonels and Majors the exact time and direction of any decisive movement in support of the skirmishers. The General himself, stationed with the fourth and last brigade on a cross road between Mars in Tour and Confians, occupied the centre of the base of the triangle formed by those two villages with Gravelotte at the apex.

From that base the French attack advanced From that base the French attack advanced in a convex crescent, while the German guns, roughly speaking, followed the same semi-circular line at a distance of about a mile.

No less than 19,000 French troops were dotted singly and in small groups behind every tree, house and mound over an area of near-

No less than 19,000 French troops were dotted singly and in small groups behind every tree, house and mound over an area of nearly three miles.

The Third Brigade, in compact bodies, supplied supports at different centres, and the Fourth Brigade, a dense mass of 8,000 men, formed the hub whence radiated the different lines of the attack.

The German centre, consisting of 250,000 men, formed the hub whence radiated the different increase in the direct front, while the north and south wings, of 70,000 men each, were posted on the flanks of the attacking troops.

The French main body, numbering 250,000 all told, were now advancing in three well-defined army corps, marching parallel to each other, some four miles in rear of Gen, Beaumarchais's division. Midway between lay the French guns and cavalry.

It will thus be seen that so far the fight savored of an affair of outposts rather than a general engagement, and at 10 A. M. the kalser gleefully exclaimed:

"This Yankee adventurer is a greater charlatan than the third Napoleon. He is marching into the trap. By 1 oclock I shall have crushed both him and France."

Count Holbach, the commander of the German artillery division, and his subordinates, actively engaged in directing the gun practice, were not so sure of the excellence of existing arrangements.

These experienced officers well knew the folly of assuming that all the loss is on your own side. The well-placed German shells must have wrought havoe in the now clearly discerned French fighting line. Yet the percentage of loss among the gunners was growing more serious minute by minute. Slight leaden gusts swent away the batteries, and a steadily increasing train of ambulance bearers showed already a heavy list of casualities.

Eagerly did the German leaders look for signs of development in the attack. They came not, save perhaps a slight increase in the frequency and severity of those? terrible gusts.

Holbach at last shut his fleidglasses with an impatient snap and a still more impatient exclamation:

"The devi

impatient snap and a still more impatient exclamation:

"The devil take them!" he cried. "Where are their guns?"

A phlegmatic officer by his side answered:
"There are no guns. It is a stroke of genius. this unsupported infantry attack. We must either hurry up our own battallons or fall back upon them. There is no alternative. We are firing at thin air."

The General turned angrily upon him. "You had better take that message to the Emperor."

had better take that message to the Emperor."

"With pleasure." The other turned his horse to ride off.

"No, no, not yet. I did but resent your words. We cannot retreat, and the Kaiser is firmly resolved to await the French attack in his present position."

The officer made no reply, and they both, for a little snace, warched the progress of events. In a battery beneath them, on the right, fully half of the officers and men were disabled. Two guns were silent for mere want of people to work them. As they looked, a leaden shower of extra severity fell against the hillside. Five soldiers dropped, three from one gun, two from another. The survivors quite coolly reapportioned their duties. Three guns out of six were out of action in a single battery!

The object lesson was not lost. Count Holbach's face was set firmly as he said: The object lesson was not lost. Count Holbach's face was set firmly as he said:
"Telegraph to the Emperor, Col. Holtz, and say that I demand the immediate support of one if not two infantry divisions. If not supplied within half an hour I will retire every

The Kaiser's face flushed when he read the

The Kaiser's face flushed when he read the message. But he was slowly learning self-control and he said little beyond giving the necessary instructions for the despatch of the much-needed relief.

When it came, the rôles quickly changed. The French infantry had been allowed a good inning—it was their turn to endure a bad quarter of an hour.

The German attack would not be denied.

"No matter what your loss," wrote Count Holbach to the commander of the Hanoverian division placed at his service. "you must crumple up the centre of the French crescent and strive to take the outer horns in flank after you have broken the line."

Nor were the foreign legion, which throughout had borne the brunt of the shell fire, made of the stuff from which retreats are manufactured.

There was now every prospect of a sanguinary encounter, were it not that Beaumarchals had his imperative orders, hased solely on the clock, and at present justified almost to the second.

A few minutes before 11 he threw forward

ary encounter, were it not that Beaumarenais had his imperative orders, based solely on the elock, and at present justified almost to the second.

A few minutes before 11 he threw forward the Fourth Brigade to check the rapid onshaught of the Hanoverians, and at the same time sent out several aides with emphatic instructions for a gradual but definite falling back upon Horville.

Each quarter?of an hour since 8 A. M. a mounted messenger brought to Vansittart a written report from Beaumarchais.

When Jerome received that dated 11 A. M. he smiled appreciatively and handed it to Daubisson, saying:

"Instruct the artillery to take up position and send a warning for immediate readiness to the commanders of the three army corps."

By 11:30 the German infantry came within the fire zone of the French artillery and halted for supports.

Count Holbach, on his own responsibility, threw forward one battery after another to help the Hanoverians, but kept the Emperor constantly apprised of his actions.

The excitement of the situation was rapidly working the Emperor up to boiling point, and, truth to tell, each member of his staff, every officer and man in the tierman host, was chaling under the compulsory inaction.

A considerable battle was in progress in the front, under ill understood and indefinite conditions. Half of the long summer's day had sped while the superb German army waited for the general attack which never came.

Nay, it even seemed that a solitary division was now driving the French back upon Troyon and the line of the Meuse.

The temptation was too great to be resisted. Shorily before 12 William II. issued orders for a combined advance from flanks and centre in overwhelming force.

His command put the position pithily. "Fight your way straight through the French lines to the river, and then converge on Verdun," he said.

By 12:30 his object became clear, and Vansittart consulted his watch. In rare conseit with himself he cried exultantly to Daubis
The Kaiser fights on our ground after all.

The Kaiser fights on our ground after all. He is only half an hour late.

CHAPTER, XVIII.

THE COTTAGE OF HANS ECHWARTZ.

The Graemes of Netherby never mounted their willing steeds with greater alacrity than was displayed by the aides-de-camp whose duty it was to carry to Generals of division Vansitiart's orders for a general attack.

Their powerful opponents had been tempted to abandon an impregnable toosition, and not in vain. While the French had quietly and without fatigue taken up an excellent line of country for rapid manœuvring and quiek concentration, the Germans were suffering from precisely contrary conditions.

Yet he was a bold man who decried the mettle of the invaders.

Vansittart was about to move to a slight hill on the left of the Metz road when his watchful eye chanced upon Folliet.

"Have you's brought is regiment of police, monsieur?" inquired Jerome.

"No. Oh no! Just myself."

"But tell me—I have a moment to spare. Surely some extraordinary event has dragged you thus far from Faris and into our biggest battle." THE COTTAGE OF HANS ECHWARTZ.

Soon the infantry combat died into nothing nosa beside the thunder of the giant encounter that ensued forthwith between the opposing artillerists. Battery after battery galloped up on both sides, and the superior numbers of the German guns would have quickly decided this phase of the struggle were it not that the French had the tremendous advantage of selection of ground.

French had the tremendous advantage of se-lection of ground.

The nature of the country precluded long-range firing, as gunners understand it. Barely a mile separated the most distant batteries, and here again, in view of the appalling accu-racy and effect of the missiles, the Germans la-bored under a drawback.

Their exposed positions rendered the French practice more deadly, and it was clear to the experienced officers on Vansittant's staff that the French guns were able to hold their own against the assailants.

the French guns were able to hold their own against the assailants.

Daubisson rocked in the saddle with admiration.

"There," he gasped, "I told you so. The artillery duel! It is superb. Vioin la guere!"

Vansittart heard him and answered not. He simply looked at his watch. But Daubisson fully understood. Five hours in time and three miles in space made a vast difference between his ideal of war and the millionaire's.

Column after column of the German infantry put in an appearance, and the leading division of the French central army corps was deploying for the attack.

Soon the bellowing of the cannon failed to drown the continuous roar of the magazine rifles.

Galloners game from both fanks to ansaid

Proceed:
"Well, let me see. It was only of late that he had so many letters. They came in different handwriting from Paris, but always the same writing from Berlin—a square hand, official I called it." drown the continuous roar of the magazine rifles.

Gallopers came from both flanks to anounce a definite engagement with the enemy. At 1:30 P. M. the battle became general and the tide of conflict surged in red waves over a front extending nearly five miles.

This was a small area for the number of men on the field, and the fight, thus condensed, raged with the greater ferocity. On neither side was there sign of yielding.

To the right wing Vansittart sent the imperative order. "Upon no account attempt to outflank the enemy. Hold your ground against all attacks."

To the left, "Stand fast, Fight in square if necessary."

f necessary."
With his glasses glued to the centre of the With his glasses glued to the centre of the ferman line he watched and watched with the air of a man that expected something which came not. Four hundred yards in the rear Le Breton, who could see naught of the fight, watched Vansittart.

At last, in the rage of the hour, men swore at Jerome and even threatened him. They importuned Daubisson to use his prerogative as nominal Commander-in-Chief and give orders for the cavalry to be employed.

as nominal Commander-in-Chief and give or-ders for the cavalry to be employed. Daubisson wrung his hands in the impo-tence of abject despair but he uttered no word.

word.

From out the turmoil stood one patent fact.
Although the Kaiser had launched the full power of the mighty thunderbolt he controlled, the German infantry had not gained a foot of French ground.

With splendid heroiam his famous troops hurled themselves on the defenders and the gunners sacrificed themselves to the French batteries by turning their fire upon the French infantry.

infantry.

It was no use. If the Germans were brave so were the French. They could die, not unavenged, but they could not break through the living barrier that resisted them.

At a quarter to 3 o'clock he discerned the fluttering lance pennants of a vast body of mounted troops gathered in rear of the German guns.

nan guns.
Vansittart's face flushed with triumph when

man guns.

Vansittart's face flushed with triumph when he saw the rapid preparations in progress behind the batteries.

Turning to the staff he said: "Tell Le Breton to advance at the trot."

Four officers raced off, and an alert air of jubilation swept away the frenzy of the others. But Daubisson gazed at the millionnire, awestricken. Now he understood.

He approached Vansittart closely, so that he might be heard. "I deal with manœuvres, monsieur," he said. "You deal with men."

Even in the anxiety of this supreme moment, for the next ten minutes would irrevocably determine the result of the fight. Jerome was able to reply smilingly:

"It is my only accomplishment, General, but it suffices."

Not until the German horse were fairly launched down the opposite slope did the startled gunners and perplexed Colonels of infantry perceive the full extent of the storm about to burst upon them.

Brigade succeeded brigade across the ridge and down the hill, riding in beautiful lines, and pouring on over a wide front until 30,000 troopers were in motion, gathering pace as they came.

The guns tore gaps in them, hundreds fell before the showers of bullets, but the glittering ranks swept on, and the earth thundered with the myriad beats of iron-shod hoofs.

The Germans were still a quarter of a mile from the advanced lines of French skirmishers, and men were running back to their regiments for dear life, when a great roar of de-

The Germans were still a quarter of a mile from the advanced lines of French skirmishers, and men were running back to their regiments for dear life, when a great roar of delight went up from the French army.

Le Breton, leading the Eighteenth Chasseurs, followed by the cuirassiers of the Garde and many another crack cavairy corps, rode grandly across the ridge and onward to meet the German onslaught.

Owing to Vansittart's foresight, the French troops were fully equal in strength to their opponents, and they now had the inestimable aid of the down gradient in their favor.

The Kaiser saw the advance of Le Breton long before the majority of the French army were aware of it.

Thus far throughout the day he had been rigid, inscrutable, Napoleonic.

But now he abandoned himself to white rage. He knew that he had failed, that his theatrical blow would recoil upon himself, that a quicker intelligence than his had read his plansfand simply awaited his move to checkmate him with conscious ease.

It was now too late for any human intermediary to stop the magnificent cavairy combat that forthwith took place.

By common consent artillery and infantry alike were silent, and the two great bodies of horse closed together with a great thud that was distinctly audible above the cries of men, the neighing of animals and the clash of weapons.

It was not soon ended. Sixty: thousand

It was not soon ended. Sixty thousand

ons.

It was not soon ended. Sixty thousand troops cannot get at one another so quickly. Charge after charge took place and the ensuing melée revealed a gigantie and disorganized mol.

The Germans at first withstood the French, but it was absolutely impossible to make headway, and a time caze when Vansittart could discern a definite movement backward into the dip between the hills.

Instantly he launched forth two big cavalry brigades, Montsaloy in command. They swerved off as they rode and avoided the struggling hosts in the valley.

Up the hill they went, and in a few strides were among the German gunners.

Regiment after regiment followed until practically the whole of the French mounted arm were in motion. The American had also read the records of Mars la Tour. It was his turn to try the value of Von Molike's strategy.

The issue was never in doubt for a moment. By 3:15 the German centre was crushed, by 4 o'clock the village of Mars la Tour was occupied and the French soldiers were frantically cheering at the base of the statue that looks so piteouslyltoward the lost province of Lorraine; by 5 they ware in Gravelotte, and were only withheld by sheer force of discipline from pursuing their routed foes to the very walls of Metz.

Simultaneously with the central advance the French right and left wings attacked

suing their routed foes to the very walls of Metz.

Simultaneously with the central advance the French right and left wings attacked freuznach and the Grand Duke Albrecht. The one was driven off toward Diedenhofen and the other into the Vosges.

Wilhelm's defeat was complete and utterly disastrous. If the mobilization of France were only on a level with that of her hereditary enemy, there was a splendid opportunity for the investment of Metz and an advance to the left back of the Rhine.

Some enthusiast did urge Vansittart to press forward beyond Metz with two strong columns, but Jerome quietly repressed them. In the moment of victory the born tactician knows the value of restraint.

Notwithstanding her boasted number of troops France was spactically fighting with her entire available army on the frontier, while Germany could place eight such cohorts in the field as that overthrown at Mars la

in the field as that overthrown at Mars la Tour.

Now that the battle was won the millionaire's anxiety redoubled. There was little fear of an effective rally in the vicinity of Metz. for some days at least, but it was a ticklish question to decide how best to follow up the advantage already gained.

Was it possible to invest the great frontier fortress with the troops at his disposal and at the same time ward off the attacks which would surely be made from Strassbourg and Diedenhofen?

He must take thought. In a multitude of counsellors might be found wisdom. So he

He must take thought. In a multitude of counsellors might be found wisdom. So he summoned an assembly of divisional commanders and the general staff at the small inn in the centre of Gravelotte, the house at which Rapoleon the Third and the Frince Imperial slept on the night before the battle Vionville.

Meanwhile, where was Follief? Weak from the flerce exhaustion of the fight, hoarse with the involuntary cries he uttered as he followed up the French advance, yet professional zeal came to his aid. The abandonment of the conqueror yielded to the perimacity of the

sleuth hound. Even as he partook of some slight refreshment, he plied his quest among the dassed villagers.

He could not get them to collect their scat-tered wits until a postman, an old soldier, put in an appearance. On him the detective fas-A LANDSCAPE GARDEN PARLOR AND

A BURGLAR HUNT. the house of Hans Schwartz, friend?"

"Hans Schwartz, the farmer? Why, close to the Bols des Ognons. I know it too well, confound the place and Hans Schwartz, too."

"So. The a long walk, then?"

"A good mile from the village, and he had more letters than ever man needed who only went to Metz for the weekly market."

"Sayest so. Whence came these letters?"

"Some from Metz, but most from Paris and Berlin." Embarrassing Position in Which Miss Ruddick Found Him and the Consequences of Lying Out of It-Mrs. Teet-ers's Views of Art in the Household. "Mr. Teeters he ain't reel artistic, I guess,

Teeters he don't seem to care. Whenever I say I wish I could fix up our parlor prittler, like some women 'd make it look, Mr. Teeters he asks me if I want to try landscape gardenin' like Mis' Ruddick. 'Twa'n't reelly landscape gardenin', you know. Of course Mis' Ruddick couldn't have that in her parlor but that's what Mr. Tecters he always calls it. "Well, I s'pose it does look kind o' queer to folks that hain't artistic. I know it was quite a spell before I got used to it, an' Mis' Tandy she says that to this day she ain't got over bein' 'fraid o' fallin' into the lake. Yes. You see it's awful hard to git used to a lake in a parlor. At least 'twa'n't the enstom to have em up to the Corners an' I hain't never found it so here in Harlem. Fact is, I hain't never seen one anywheres exceptin' to Mis

ain't myself, either, for that matter, but Mr.

The simple-minded villager gazed with wonder upon the crumpled piece of paper in his hand.

"Bon Vierge!" he murmured. "No wonder men oft sav that a war does good."

"Take time to reply." went on Folliet, motioning the man eloser and dropping his voice.

"How long has Hans Schwartz lived in the farm near the wood?"

"Not long. Eighteen months, perhaps."

"Whence came he?"

"From Strassbourg, they said. He was no farmer, as any man could see. How he made a living I cannot tell, as he only scratched his land. Perhaps he sold some of his birds."

"Birds? What birds?"

"Pigeons. He was a great pigeon flyer, was Schwartz. He was constantly sending them off in crates, and they told me at the station they were addressed to Chalons or Verdun or Nancy, sometimes to Paris."

Folilet knitted his brows for a moment. Then he laughed dryly. Of course, it would arouse suspicion if the pigeons were invariably consigned to Paris. So they were met at the other places and taken to the capital.

"Your name, postman." "Mis' Ruddick she's one o' your artistle vomen. She's got ideas 'bout things, you know. Law, I thought she was goin' to faint when I wore a nat up there two years ago with blue an' green flowers an' ribbon on it. She kind o' rolled her eyes like a sick calf an' put up her hand as if I was goin' to throw some

thing at her. 'Emmy,' says she, 'where did you get that

'In Harlem,' says I. 'An' it was a bargain, too. 'Twould ha' cost me just twice as much on Sixt' avenue.' 'But why did you get them colors?' say

she. 'Emmy, don't you know that you mustn't never put blue an' green together? It's against the rules of art." ' 'Mebbe that's so,' says I, 'but they're puttin' blue an' green together on hats, art or no

"But, you see, that was the difference be call you a gem. Were there any printed ween Mis' Ruddick an' me. She knows art an' I don't. At least she gives out that she knows art an' she certainly does fix things up different from what anybody else does. kind o' wish you could see her parlor "Tain't easy to give you any reel idea of how it looks. You ought to get Mr. Teeters to tell you 'bout He says it lays before his mind's eye like a dream o' beauty in which art an' nature mingle. If 'twas anybody but Mr. Teeters you

official I called it."

"I call you a gem. Were there any printed addresses or seals on the envelopes?"

"Only onee, a long time ago, four months, at least. Some crack-jaw German on a Berlin letter. Schwartz frowned and swore when he saw it. I was sure it was a public summons."

Folliet laughed again. He scribbled on his notebook the German for "Poliee Headquarters," and showed it to Noir, saying:
"Anything like that?"

"De Dieu en Dieu! The very words. You are a wizard."

"Nay. Francois. I but conjure with thy wits. Were you friendly with Hans Schwartz?"

"Not I. He was a surly brute, and I hated the hill to his house."
"Where is he now?"

"Well, his place was terribly damaged by Col. Montsailoy during the great ride, but he still lives there, unless he was driven out by the battle to-day. For two hours some German guns were posted near the Bois des wouldn't hear about no dream o' beauty. But he's so all-fired fond of jokes he thinks they're funny even when they're on him. "Twis awful funny, too, You see, Mis" Ruddick she fixed up her parlor to represent what she called a woodland scene. In the middle of the floor she put a good big piece of man guns were posted near the Ognons."
"Will you guide me thither?"
The oddly assorted pair wal lookin' glass; oh, a piece about five foot long

"Will you guide me thither?"

The oddly assorted pair walked off down the street. They pasted the village inn as Vansittart stood at the open window to draw a quiet breath of air before the council of war set to its deliberations. An absurd rumor had travelled from the rear that he had been wounded toward the close of the day's operations, and he was now purposely showing himself to all who passed.

Something in Folliet's manner Impressed him, and he sent hurriedly for Arizona Jim.

"Jim," he said, pointing to the fast walking couple, "Follet is on the trail. This locality is dangerous just now, and I cannot spare him. Follow him unobtrusively and take care of him." an' three foot acrost. Then she made a border for the hull thing out o' moss mats. Didn't you never make moss mats, out o' crinkly vorsted? They're reel pritty an' these o Mis' Ruddick's were shaded green so as to imitate grass. On the lookin' glass she put pond lilies made of white an' green flannel, with big green flannel leaves. She made paper violets an' wild roses, an' put 'em amongst the grass of the bank, an' in autumn she took away the flowers an' scattered au-

tumn leaves, round the border of the lake. "Mr. Teeters he's so full of his joke, he asked Mis' Ruddick if the lake froze over in winter, an' if the children skated on it. I guess Mis' Ruddick didn't like it very well, neither. She laughed, but 'twas one o' them laughs that's lost their voices an' upon my soul I wished Mr. Teeters'd lost his'n. But he got his come-uppance all right. My, yes! I

should say he did. "You see, we went down there to call one "You see, we went down there to call one night last summer when we was up to the Corners. Mr. Teeters he won't forget that night in a hurry, I guess. An' neither'll the men up to the Corners, though they hain't got so much cause to keep it in mind. "Twas kind of a cool evenin' for summer, and Mis' Ruddick she took us right into the parlor while she run out to the barn to call Mr. Ruddick. It wa'an't reel light in the parlor. We could just see a kind of glimmerin' spot in the middle o' the floor, an' we knowed that was the lake.

"You'd better bear off a leetle north by northeast, says Mr. Teeters, or some such nonsense as that, 'or you'll fall into the lily pond,' he says.

sedom in the water, where they soon develop heir natural inclination to dive in search of sh. But as the birds invariably bolt the fish thich they catch, a metal ring is fastened nugly around their necks and this prevents hem swallowing.

"The fisherman takes his birds out on a raft of some favorable fishing ground and puts sense as that, for you'll rail into the hip point, he says, "Well, I told him to keep still or Mis' Ruddick'd be comin' back an' hear him. "She won't be here for five minutes an' more, 'says Mr. Tecters. 'I seen Ruddick chasin' a cow down the road when we come in, an' I judge he's still a-goin'. Want a boat ride, Emmy? Kind o' looks like a park lake, don't it? Don't see any signs to keep off the grass an' leave the flowers alone, do you? fish. But as the birds invariably bolt the fish | dick

"The fisherman takes his birds out on a raft to some favorable fishing ground and puts them overboard. They begin diving in turns for fish. As soon as a fish is secured the cormorant comes to the surface to swallow it, but is prevented from doing so by the ring around its neck. The bird is then called to the float by the fisherman, who robs it of its prey, and then loosens the ring and rewards the bird with a small piece of fish. The fisherman refastens the ring about the neck of the cormorant and the whole operation is repeated again and again, until the bird becomes tired of diving, when another cormorant is put overboard. Some of these cormorants are so perfectly trained that they will catch and deliver fish without being restrained by the ring, and I have seen one bird bring to the surface as many as twenty fish, all of which weighed from a quarter to one and a half pounds.

"The Chinese, who have successfully trained the cormorant and the otter to fish for them, have also taken the remora in hand, with the happiest rosults.

"Most voyagers in tropical seas are acquainted with this peculiar fish, which is known generally by the trivial name of the sucker. The distinguishing characteristic of this fish is laziness. Unwilling to exert itself overmuch in the pursuit of food, it has developed an arrangement on the back of its head exactly like the corrugated sole of a tennis shoe, and as artificial in appearance as if made and fitted by the hand of man.

"When the sucker finds itself in the vicinity of any large floating body, such as a ship, a shark, or a piece of flotsam, whose neighborhood seems to promise an abundance of food, it attaches itself illustrated by the permits it to eat, breathe, and perform all necessary functions while being carried about without any exertion on its part. It can attach and detach itself instantaneously, and holds so firmity that a direct backward pull cannot dislodge it without injury to the fish.

"Severalgood-sized specimens of the fish having been caught, the Chinese fisher should be find standn' aganst the wall but Mr. Ruddick's shotgun! Well, that was enough for him. "Well, 'said'he, just as serious as could be, 'I'll be switched if Ruddick hain't been shootin' game on his wife's lily pond. I'll bet he's got a cover fixed up 'round in some o' them marshy spots, an' I expect he just comes in here an' shoots ducks an' snipe an' whatever he takes a yearnin' for. Well, I say, Eumy, I'll just fetch down a bird or two for dinner tomorrow while Ruddick chases that cow.

"An' with that he picks up the gun, spite of all I could say, an' down he drops on one knee in the edge of Mis Ruddick's moss mats.

"Fishin' would be more in my line,' says he, 'but I don't seem to see a pole 'round anywhere. I've done consid'able huntin' in my day—mostly at Coney Island. You never seen me put eyes in them paper birds at the shootin' galleries, have you, Emmy? Well, I'll make it all right now by shootin' the eyes out of all the birds that fly over this here pond.'

"Well, he did look so awful funny down in them moss mats, aimin' that there big gun aerost Mis' Ruddick's glass lake, that I got to laughin' so't I didn't hear anybody comin', and of course he didn't neither. So, when all

"Well, he did look so awful funny down in them moss mats, aim'n' that there big gun aerost Mis' Ruddick's glass lake, that I got to haughin' so't I didn't hear anybody comin', and of course he didn't neither. So, when all of a suddint Mis' Ruddick opened the door an' come in with a lamp in her hand we was both of us so took by surprise that we didn't move, but', just gaped at her with our eyes all but poppin' out of our heads.

"What in the livin' world?"— Mis' Ruddick began, when she seen Mr. Teeters down on his knees with the shotgun.

"Well, I dunno's I ever seen Mr. Teeters stumped before, but law' he was then. He just swallowed an' didn't say a word. I knowed somebody'd ge: to say somethin', an' it wa'n't no time for the truth, neither. I'm just as set against lyin' as the next one, but they certainly is times when a ravenin' llon wouldn't be worse than the truth. I didn't have time to think what to say, neither, so I just kind o' gasped an' blurted out:

"Mr. Teeters seen a burggulur!"

"A burggulur! squealed Mis' Ruddick, almost droppin' the lamp onto the mossy bank. Where?

"Shoopin' round them front windows,' says Mr. Teeters, throwin' me a look which was kind o' relieved an' kind o' mad. But he wa'n't long in thinkin' that he'd got a-holt of another joke an' he begun tellin' Mis' Ruddick a lingo that he'll find set down against him in the recordin' angel's book at the day of judgment as sure as I'm a-settin' here. Mebbe you won't believe it, but he set to an' described that burgulur—which they wa'n't any anyway—an' just how he looked an' acted till I was that scairt myself! couldn't keep the cold chills from crespin' they wa'n't one of us moved a muscle till we found out 'twas Mr. Ruddick base give had to set there an' go over the huil thing again an' Mr. Teeters he done it so willing that I hain' they wan't one of us moved a muscle till we found out 'twas Mr. Ruddick back from chasin' the cow.

"Well I'd in given a good bit to ha' got out o' there without seein' Mr. Ruddick, but, no sir' we had to se Formerly All Made of Silk or Cotton-Many otton or silk. Now a very large proportion of he umbrellas carried are made of a mixture various weights and weaves and in various

as 10 per cent. of silk. The umbrellas made of these mixtures cost more than cotton umbrellas and less than those of silk. They are lighter than cotton and they wear better and

when he'd got through describin' the burggulur Mr. Ruddick he looked kind o' thoughtful for a minute an' says he:

"That explains it, says he.

"Explains what,' says Mis' Ruddick.

"Well,' says he, I just seen that man hidin' behind the strawstack up to your place, Mis' Teeters, says he,

"Oh, go long,' says Mr. Teeters. 'That fellow ain't goin to trouble nobody 'round here no more. I scairt him away all right.

"Well,' says Mr. Ruddick, mebbe you scairt him away from our place, but he's hangin' round the town yet an 'It ain't safe. No, 'tain't safe.

"Oh, pshaw!' says Mr. Teeters, kind of impatient, I tell you it's all right. That fellow's a-runnin yet to git away from here.

"He wan't runnin' when I seen him,' says Mr. Ruddick, determined as ever.

"Well, says Mr. Teeters, all right, then. Me an' Emmy'll ge home an' investigate.

"Yes, said Mr. Ruddick,' I dumo but you'd better. An' I'll go 'long, too, an' we'll git some o' the men an' run that fellow down.

"Well, Mr. Teeters he had an awful queer look in his face, an' be kep ou sayin' that 'twas all right, he know d' twes all right, an' so on. Of all the umbrellas produced in this country about 50 per cent are now made of cotion, and about 40 per cent. of the mixed fabries, the rest being of silk. The proportion of umbrellas made of the mixed fabries is still increasing. All the cotion fabries used in making umbrellas in this country are manufactured here. The mixed fabries are all imported and of the silks about half are imported.

Umbrella silks are made in many weights and weaves. Years ago silk umbrellas in dark green and dark garnet were not uncommon, but now umbrellas of such colors are rarely if ever seen. The most common color for umbrellas is black, though there are made for women some silk umbrellas, designed for either sun or rain, of changeable silk, and some of plaid silk.

There were formerly made fine silk um-

BIG JOKE ON MR. TEETERS. But Mr. Buddlek he just shook his head an' STORY OF JACK AND SALLY. But Mr. Buddick he just shook his head an' says;
"'You're from the city. You don't know how them things goes in the country."
Well, I was kind of uneasy myself about the man Mr. Buddick seen up by our place, an' I was red glad when he ploked up his gun an started along with us. Mis' Buddick she looked awful scairt at bein' left alone, an' I thought myself that Mr. Buddick'd be doin' no more'n his duty to stay to home an' look after his own house an' his own wife, but 'twa'n't my place to say so, an' it seemed like you couldn't move him anyhow. Go he would, an' go he did.
"Well, the upshot of it all was that he took

couldn't move him anyhow. Go he would, an' go he did.

"Well, the upshot of it all was that he took Mr. Teetars down by our barn and made him climb all over the place, up in the haymows an' down in the cowyard an' on top o' straw stacks an' behind the pigpens. They didn't find no one, an' Mr. Teeters he thought that was a-goin' to end it, but law' he hadn't more'n begun. Mr. Ruddick he took Mr. Teeters up town an' made him go over the burggulur story to every man they met, an' in that way they gethered up a hull posse of men an' started out on the hunt.

to every man they met, an' in that way they zethered up a hull posse of men an' started out on the hunt.

"I guess they' been a-trampin' for about an hour, an TMr. Teeters, not bein' used to it, was just about tuckered out. He asked me afterward if I'd seen any lightnin' over in the direction they'd went. Said he was sayin' things to himself that had ought to have made the hull sky light up with blue fire. I guess he was awful mad, but things had gone so far he didn't dasst explain. He said he was stumblin' along so mad an' so tired he couldn't lift up his feet an' he happened to look round him an' he seen that Mr. Ruddick he wa'n't there. Well, they was kind of a gleam o' suspicion come to Mr. Teeters then, an' he just quietly dropped out an' when he was kind of hid by the shadders he hustled back as tight's he could go. He hadn't gone fur when he come on Mr. Ruddick settin' down by the road an' almost killin' himself a-laughin'.

"What under the shinin' sun, says Mr. Teeters, 'are you settin' here fur, actin' like a idiotic monkey on skates?' or somethin' like that.
"Oh. Lordy, Lordy!' was all Mr. Ruddick

Teeters, 'are you settin' here fur, actin' like a idiotic monkey on skates?' or somethin' like that.

"Oh. Lordy, Lordy!' was all Mr. Ruddick could say till Mr. Teeters got so exasperated he could ha' shook him.

"Have you found that burggulur vet?' says Mr. Ruddick flaslly. That there one you seen down to my house, the one with the whiskers an' the slouch hat, an' the Lord knows what else? Have you caught him yet?"

"Well, if it had a-ben anybody but Mr. Teeters, I dunno what'd happened to Mr. Ruddick. It was just a providence for him that Mr. Teeters can stand havin' a joke turned on him. As 'twas, he just laid down an' rolled. Finally he says:

"That's one on me, Ruddick, an' an all-fired big one, too. You come down to New York this winter an' bring your wife an' stay with us as long as ever you can. It's my treat,' says he, 'an' Emmy's, too, for it's a case

us as long as ever you can. It's m' says he, 'an' Emmy's, too, for it's a cas

of the woman tempted me.

"Then they laughed some more, an' all o
a suddint, Mr. Buddick, he up and fires off his "'Now what?' says Mr. Teeters.
"'Oh, I want to call off them neighbors o'
mine. I ain't got no grudge against them, au'
it's kind o' tough on them, not bein' in the
loke.'

joke.'
"Sure enough, the men come a-runnin' back
"Sure enough, the men come a-runnin' back "Sure enough, the men come a-runnin' back in a few minutes, an' Mr. Ruddick, he said they might as well give up huntin' that night. It was pretty near midnight when Mr. Teeters got home, an' if I ever seen a man beat out, he was. But laugh! Well, I thought he'd go into a fit over tell'in' me about it. It's an awful good thing if a joke's a joke to you, no matter who's doin' the playin'. But when Mr. Teeters, he asks me if I'm goin' in for landscape gardenin' in the parlor, I say no, I ain't, not till I git them birds he was goin' to shoot up on Mis' Ruddick's lake."

MERRY-GO-ROUND IN SAMOA. One-Sided Success of a Show Among a People Habitually Penniless.

A misguided individual went to Apia not long ago. Most individuals may be regarded as essentially misguided who go to Samoa without having completed their arrangements for going further without loss of time or else coming back; but this was a glaring instance. The individual brought with him a merry-goround, a triple combination of the wooden horses, the melancholy hand organ and the peanut roaster, all embraced in a gaudy signboard reading, ."The American Steam Riding Gallery." With this triplet of attractions the proprietor expected to gather a large amount of coin from the amusement-loving islanders.

There was every kind of hitch in getting the machinery put up, the track would not ballast level, the boiler would not boil water, the steam engine would not go, and the opening performance was continually being postponed until repairs could be effected. The only man; on the beach who understood such machinery was in jail for arson, having set fire to the foreign church. Some of the residents; felt a little nervous when he was leased to the merry-go-round man, even though it did add a shilling a day to the municipal revenue, for it was feared that he might slip away from the fat half-easte policeman detailed to watch him and might set something else on fire. Those were great days for the idle Samoans of Apia, for as soon as the machinery had been patched up and looked to be in running order it was necessary to give it a test,

and that meant a free ride for all the idlers in the neighborhood.

At last the machinery was tinkered together, the horses were made to go around, the organ would play during part of the show, at least, and the shrill whistle of the peanut roaster rose, above, the loud chatter of all the Samoans who had gathered from miles up and down the coast to see the "kifanga," or jugglery, as they call anything in the way of amusement.

who had gathered from miles up and down the coast to see the "kifanga," or juggiery, as they call anything in the way of amusement. It was sixpence to ride, and every islander, old and young, had to have sixpence. Never before had the white residents had such golden opportunities to buy fresh vegetables. Eggs were a drug on the market, and natives tried cajolery and tricks of all sorts to get the small coin which would procure them the right to career slowly around the circle astride a diminutive wooden steed. The show became a great nuisance by attracting all the idle and worthless natives from far and near. It even got into the region of the higher polities when towns in rebel districts sought to get a safe conduct to come into Ania to ride on the horses, of which the knowledge spread far and wide. The disaffected charged it up as another item against King Maileton that he shut them out from this civilizing spectacle simply because he was afraid of them.

But, with all this, the proprietor of the great moral show was not happy. He had a large free list of those who brought wood and water for the engine and those who had gratuitously assisted him in putting the machinery in place, or said that they had done so. But it was like drawing teeth to get the sixpences. After a few days he had to bisset his rates and give two rides for sixpence. Even at that he was forced to stop running every evening and finally got down to two performances a week. It is safe to say that he will never forget his disastrous attempt to be a purveyor of amusement to a people habitually penniless. The month of his exhibition was surely run at a loss, and he had an unexpected bill for repairs.

When he set up his,horses'in Apia they were really a fine collection of well-groomed little steeds. Each one had a flowing mane and a ruffled tail, in color corresponding with the coat of paint with which the body was ornamented. Through all the ages Samoa had been waiting for something of that sort. All the old men there carry a flyflapper of fibr

CHICAGO BUSINESS MEN. Some Names Expected to Appear Soon in the City Directory.

"I am glad to see," said a New York business man to a Chicago live stock dealer who was in the city several days ago, "that the United States are becoming very Chicagoesque in their way of acquiring a population."
"How do you mean?" asked the Chicago man.

"Why, Uncle Sam is reaching out and annexing every thing in sight. That will add

greatly to our population, and we will have more odd names in the business directories of our newly acquired possessions than Chicago can boast of in its cosmopolitan block, where twenty nations are represented."

"Don't you be carried away with that idea," said the Chicago man. "Last week I did business with some Americans having stranger names than could be produced by mixing up all the Porto Ricans, Filipinos, and Ladrone inhabitants in a bunch. Last week a trainload of cattle came to the Chicago market from Montana, from an Indian reservation, and the mames of some of the consignees that I remember are Chase the Bear, Made to Inn. Packs the Kettle, Plenty Voice, Black Tail, Laughing Face, Medicine Cloud, Growing Thunder, Duck No. 2, Yellow Boy (we call him Yellow Kid), Beats His Wife, and Big Head Little. Why, the whole United States can't beat Chicago on the names of the coope who do business with them."

"Have the names been entered in the Chicago directory yet?" asked the New York man innovently.

"Not yet?" replied the man from Chicago, "but they will be when we annex sontans." our newly acquired possessions than Chicago

VIRGINIA ROMANCE OVER WHICH

It Happened Long Ago, Caused Four Law-suits, the Slow Suicide of a Judge, and an Affair of Honor, and Explains Why Jack and Sally May Be Aristocratic Names,

RICHMOND, Va., Sept. 17 .- " My name," said

Col. Juck Smith, addressing a group of aum-mer boarders on the veranda of the Happy Creek Hotel in the Shenandoah, "is rather inleative of democracy than of the strain of blue blood that is designated in the Old Dominion by the initial letters [F. F. V., for it cannot be denied that Smith as a patronymic represents so vast a sept or family as to constitute it almost a racial term. But Jack, though almost as common in family nomenclature, is in my own case an exception that certifies my de-scent in the female line from the noble Count da la Roche Jacquelin, whose heroic blazon of arms may be seen on a moss-covered tomb in one of the old Virginia churchyards often visited by the pilgrim and antiquarian who wonder how his American descendants have failed to perpetuate his fame and allowed Jac-queline to degenerate into Jack and fate to add insult to injury by coupling it with Smith. The Count's famous motto, 'Sifarance, suirez moi! -if I advance, follow me-hasn't left much inent myself, has been to follow him to the other side of time; but the blue blood still flows in our veins and it made somebody's flow on the field of honor in connection with four law cases that sprang from the marriage of La Roche Jacquelin Smith and Sally Lumpkins in the year 1728. That marriage was celebrated near this spot and it was exactly here that the happy couple dwelt in the valley that might have been named after Rasselas, the blessed, except that the natives preferred to call it Happy Creek for

short. "My grandmother was named Eloise la Roche Smith, and when an eminent statesmen wanted to marry her, his wooling was in valu until he wrote a sonnet beginning thus:

"My lovely maid, I'd change that name
And smooth that haughly frown
To seek nure blies and lofty fame
As Mistress Tompkins Brown.
For all in value you may recall
Your noble kin and kith

When through your sire's ancestral hall. The echoes answer Smith. "They were married. Brown was afterward

Governor of a Western State, and hence the name of Jack Brown, as well as Jack Smith. "But to our tale, as Byron says: In the year 1728 my ancestor, Jack Smith, found himself the most wealthy and noted dweller in the Happy Creek Valley, which he had belood to win from the ruthless savage and the prowling bear and panther, but though the life of a onely widower began to make even the already blossoming wilderness a solitude as the years advanced, he did not know where to find one to share his picturesque home until one fine day a lady rode up to the house and accepted the invitation to dismount and refresh herself from yonder sparkling fountain which at present attracts the festive summer boarder. The host was presently informed that the motive of the visit was to fix the boundary lines between

000 acres belonging to Sally Lumpkins. "Perhaps,' said my ancestor, 'I have the nonor of addressing the lady herself?" 'You may address me whenever you choose.' said the lady with a smack of humor, 'for the woman that couldn't love a man with 10,000 acres of the finest land adjoining her own would be a heartless creature, and, besides that, she would not have an eye to business; for to own the headwaters and source of this creek, as well as my own estate, would be to effect a union of waters as propitious as any union of souls.'
"'Madam' cried Jack, entiraly carried acres."

Jack Smith's 10,000 acres and the tract of 20,.

effect a union of waters as propitious as any union of souls."
"Madam, eried Jack, entirely carried away by the idea. 'I'm agreeable; just name your day, and trust me to pay the parson's fees and for the housewarming and the blow-out.
"I admire a man of business, 'said the lady, 'but there's only one obstacle, and that is my name is Sailley, descendant of Count Sailley, the Huguenot who settled at Manikin Town, near Richmond, while yours is only plain Jack Smith.'

near Richmond, while yours is only plain Jack Smith.

"Great goodness," cried Jack. Nothing is now wanting to complete the happiness with which heaven has blessed me. I see they call you Sally for short." And he explained his own case and caused that wandering heliess to climb his family tree on the female branch right then and there. The result was a long and satisfactory study of the conditions and settlements, the lady's humor making the affair as eccentric as it was romantic. Never had the then backwoods of the Old Dominion seen such a frolic as celebrated the wedding, and the story was told far and wide as the Romance of Jack and Sally.

"The years rolled by, the herds grazed on a hundred hills, a handsome mansion surrounded by gardens and parks took the place of the

nundred hills, a handsome mansion surrounded by gardens and parks took the place of the double log cabin, and the stranger as he rode by loved to pause and contemplate what might be called a modern Eden in a Paradise regained. But in the day of brightest sunshine the storm is often brewing, and it came to the valley of Happy Creek in the form

is often bewing, and it came to the valley of Happy Creek in the form of a thundercloud such as had never been heard of in the legends of the redman or the paleface. The torrenta overran their bounds, the deafening claps of thunder seemed to threaten the foundations of the mountains; the forked lightning rived the gnarled oak, and as if the flends had directed the elements the catastrophe was the wreek of the happy mansion of Happy Creek by a thunderbolt, and when the orgy of the infernal gods was over Jack and Sally both lay dead.

"It were vain to attempt a description of the mourning that filled the Happy Valley. When the funeral was over the first thing was to look the control of the property witnessed and attested, but the eccentric part of it was that each document provided that the testament of the survivor should take precedence. There were two children, a son and a daughter, and Jack's will left his estate to her daughter Sally. But as both had been killed by lightning there could not be any survivor: that is, it appeared so to the friends of the deceased; but the court decided that as Jack was found dead on the ground floor land Sally upstairs, though the difference of time might have been less than the hundredth part of ascoan, teen-incally speaking Jack was the survivor and his worth ceited, after a week's trial and a great deal of expert testimony, that the broken flooring of the house, which was torn upward, showed that the thunderbolt, as is frequently the case, came from the earth instead of the counds, and, therefore, Sally, who was upstairs, was of course the survivor. In accordance with that decision, Sally took possession of the court, let only the son of Jack got the whole estates of Happy Creek and Jack was left without a penny.

"Now, the curious part of the story is that though the younger Jack and Sally both married and each left an heir after the death of both, the son of Jack got the whole estate of Happy Creek for their own heirs, who had been imported to manner from the was a strend